VOLUME LV CHICAGO, AUGUST 24, 1905. NUMBER 26

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE QUESTION BEYOND.

Ineffable, rare, fugitive
  Lure-tints that trail the heart to sea;
White-hooded peaks that lonely live
  To shake the sun's great pennons free;
The pale arbutus's sweet breath,
  And fragile, dauntless flower;
A bird's hush-note that answereth
  The stars at midnight hour;
The ashening rose-mist of the west;
  A splendid grot:
What were all things held loveliest,
  If God were not?
(If God is ——?)

The hearth whose flame incarns the soul
  Of ancient need-fire consecrate,
And sweeps its incense round the whole
  Life-growth it fain would permeate;
The home whose primal, high emprise
  Is dedicate to joy,
Whose tragedies lie cameo-wise
  Above earth's base alloy,
Whose sacrifices ere attest
  A sacred spot:
What were this place the holiest,
  If God were not?
(If God is ——?)

Grim War, sharp rending mine from thine;
  Prophetic Peace, still backward hurled;
A slowly wavering color-line;
  The eager commerce of the world;
Great Labor's fevered, wild unrest;
  Wealth's eddying danger-point;
Those gods most gilded, emptiest,
  We hasten to annoint;
The sane, brave, scientific quest;
  Youth's nobler plot:
What were all matters timeliest,
  If God were not?
(If God is ——?)

Madison, Wisconsin. MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1905. NUMBER 26

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
What'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

The *Public* has a sagacious note on the alleged "unripeness" of the people. Of course Russia is not ripe for free institutions, nor is Chicago or any other city ripe for municipal ownership or civil service, and never will be until a beginning is made. There will never be a corn crop from the corn that is never planted.

The Shakers of Mt. Lebanon are a quaint people and are given to curious customs, but they are very near the center of things economic and political when they meet this week in the interest of universal peace. Their invitations have gone out far and wide; their platform is a hospitable one and their discussions will carry interests far beyond their own communal life. For one hundred and thirty years this community has been practicing the principles of brotherhood and peace.

The advance sheet of the American Civic Association for August contains many suggestive hints of the work that society is doing for the uplift of the people and the growth of the spirit Beautiful. Among other fields of work, the Association is organizing local improvement societies among the colored people of southern cities, thus redeeming them from the squalor and unloveliness of their lives, and inducing in them habits of order, neatness and love of beauty, habits which are quick to reflect themselves in advanced moral standards. The American Civic Association is doing a noble work. Its literature can be secured by addressing the American Civic Association, North American Building, Philadelphia. D.

The concluding installment in this month's *Arena* of "Forty Years in the Wildnerness, or Masters and Rulers of the Freemen of Pennsylvania," is more startling in its revelations than a page out of Marie Corelli or Wilkie Collins. If we found it in a novel we should condemn it as impossible fiction, certainly purple tinted. But the worst part of it is that it is true. Let us hope with Mr. Blankenburg that "thanks to an awakened public conscience, the day of deliverance has come, and to stay," and let us also hope that the volatile American temperament shall not let its just indignation subside along with the subsidence of newspaper excitement. Exposés and indictments are of little value unless followed up by continued forceful measures. D.

The breaking of the enforced bonds that bound Norway to Sweden by the Norwegians and the threatened similar defiance on the part of the citizens of Hungary to the political ascendency of Austria is only a step in the way of the larger affiliations. When Sweden and Austria give up the attempt to coerce obedience on the part of their neighbors, the neighbors will in due time recognize the inspiration and economy of co-operation and they themselves will ask for that affiliation of interest which now they are so ready to resent. As with nations, so with religious denominations and churches. The advance toward union is a matter of indirection. Little headway is made by legislation but rapid progress is made in this direction by all the denominations and churches when they are let alone.

The recent marriage of the Bureau of Justice and Protective Agency in Chicago under the new name of "Legal Aid Society" is one to be celebrated with hearty rejoicing. Side by side these societies have worked on lines indicated by their titles; offering defense for the defenseless, making justice available to those who for want of money, skill or any other cause, could not compel it on their own account. Each society worked independent of the other, maintaining at great cost the machinery necessary to their work, such as room rent, clerk hire and agents' service, and the only line of demarcation between their work was the sex line; the one worked for men, the other for women. The happy union long sought for by some of their most earnest workers has at last been consummated. Let this be but the beginning of such marriages. It was necessary perhaps that women should go off by themselves not only to learn how to do things but to teach men that they could do things. But when these two points are gained, let the higher economy prevail—let men and women work together and thus husband the resources of all parties concerned.

"The literature of exposure" is the happy phrase with which a recent writer characterizes the current disposition to let in the light upon the scandals in private and public affairs. The writings of Miss Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens stand conspicuously at

the head of this "literature of exposure," which Mr. George W. Alger in the August *Atlantic Monthly* does not much approve of because it "exposes sores with no salve to apply." That such exposures do convey a shock is undoubtedly true, and the shock comes from the revelation that such things exist at all. While they exist it is better that the facts should be known. Indeed, the one efficacious salve for such sores is disclosure. When an electric light is established in the pestilential alley, whether the source of infection be physical or spiritual, it is probably the efficient cause that will clean up the alley and remove the cause of infection. "Taking off the lid" is an effective slang phrase. Keeping the lid on does not ameliorate the putridity within. Let the literature of exposure be encouraged so that preachers as well as editors shall use plain works in describing plain atrocities. The saddest thing about Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens is that they are so unique that they form a class quite by themselves. Let their number be multiplied and the occasion for them will grow less.

To Those Who Are About to Leave Home for College.

The Rev. Charles R. Brown is a famous preacher, pastor of the first Congregational church of Oakland, Cal. The high school with its 1,100 students stands a block from his church. The University of California with thousands of students is near by and it is the privilege of this man to speak to large numbers of this school constituency. Some time ago he gave a course of Sunday evening talks specially attractive to the young men and women in these schools. These sermons have been gathered in an attractive pamphlet under the title of "The Student's Problem" and published by the Baker Printing Co. of Oakland, Cal. These five talks have the attractive titles of "The Choices of the First Year"; "The Matter of Athletics"; "The Fraternity Question"; "The Religion of a College Man," and "The Selection of a Life Work." Every page is instinct with good sense, practical advice and high ideals. UNITY has so often expressed itself on the fraternity question, particularly of the high school age, that it is glad to avail itself of the corroborating judgment from such a high source. Mr. Brown speaks as a fraternity man who has worn a pin "at such odd times as his best girl did not happen to be wearing it." He knows the significance of the "grip" and counts intelligently the manifest advantages that may justly be put down to the credit of the fraternity. After such an enumeration he proceeds to count the dangers, and they are, to our mind, so imminent that we can do no better with our editorial space at this time, when so many young men and women are girding themselves for the first time for the college life, and so without further comment we venture to borrow Mr. Brown's words to fill our editorial space in this number.

But in the second place there are certain offsets in fraternity life. There is a constant tendency to spend more time and more money than many a student can afford. No fellow of spirit can allow others to treat him, take him to the theater, show him all manner of attentions without striving to return the courtesies. A few men in a fraternity with rich fathers, a large allowance and warm hearts, can, with no sort of wrong purpose, set the pace in such a way as to demoralize a whole group of young men. The man of modest means and simple habits, dependent upon a hard working father for his education and for all the comforts of his home life, is apparently forced into a gait that it is wrong for him to take. He does not intend to be mean or cruel but he adopts a scale of expenditure which he cannot afford; he runs into debt; he becomes unjust to parents who made sacrifices for his education. It requires more grit than nine out of ten young fellows of the high school or college age possess, to stand up and oppose the course of action that leads to these ill advised "good times."

We cannot but regret that simplicity is so overborne in all our social life by the elaborate and expensive. Business men, husbands and fathers, are being killed off before their time by nervous prostration, heart disease or exhaustion of other vital organs, in making the necessary money to keep it up. Society women, mothers and daughters, are being sent to sanitariums and rest cures by the task of devising and arranging new and elaborate ways of spending the money. What a caricature much of it is upon the social life which was meant to be a recreation, a means of relief from serious work but not a burdensome, exacting labor!

The same spirit, alas, has found its way among the young people. The young girl in high school gives a luncheon for her fraternity elaborate enough for a society woman of fifty. The boys plan for a good time at a pace that might indicate they were solid business men well on in their prime with fortunes of their own earning, completely at their disposal. I believe the whole tendency of it is bad and only bad. The simple pleasures are the best for everybody and especially for young people. A tuxedo is not suitable for a five-year-old boy even though his father is able to buy him a hundred of them; and some of our social activity is quite as ridiculous and inappropriate as such a coat would be on such a youngster. It rears up a set of young people who, having tasted it all, are blasé before their time and intent upon some new sensation by more startling and stimulating forms of social life. And all the while the simple, serious, quiet interests of education have been suffering a loss irreparable.

There is also the tendency toward a wasteful use of time. Where there is a lounging room with its open fire, the university colors, pillows, pictures and trophies scattered about, a group of jolly good fellows always accessible, it is not easy to turn one's back upon it and sit alone digging on some difficult subject.

Eve holding out an apple or even a ripe peach in the garden of Eden was scarcely a circumstance in the way of temptation, when compared with the attraction thus offered to a student whose will already may be a trifle lame.

I recall a certain fraternity house, which I watched for a number of years. Splendid fellows they were —my heart warms within me as I think of their faces! It was always Indian summer there—cigarette smoke until you could scarcely see through it. It would not be entirely true to say that you could cut it with a knife; some stronger implement would have been needed, an axe may be—perhaps "the Stanford axe!" The jolly talk was sometimes equal to a page from "Life" or "Fliegende Blatter." But men cannot make perpetual chimneys of themselves to furnish such a volume of smoke or be perpetual jokers, without imperiling certain other interests, much more important than smoke or jokes. And that same fraternity, genuinely attractive as it was in its social aspects, became the banner house for furnishing men who suddenly went home at the end of the term, because "their fathers needed them in business" or because "their health would not stand the strain of college study"—those graceful explanations which sound well and deceive nobody either at the college end or the home end of the line. The constant tendency in all fraternity life is to spend more time and more money than the average student can justly afford.

There is furthermore the tendency to a narrow exclusiveness which sometimes degenerates into actual snobbishness. This is especially true of the high school fraternities. The spirit of narrow clannishness is stronger then than later. Breadth of sympathy, which ought to be the spirit of our public schools, is thus destroyed. The girl is tempted to think that out of hundreds of girls in high school, only the little group of twenty in her own fraternity are fine, choice girls. When the social interests are thus being "cribbed, cabined and confined," it is not a long step to the spirit of that bigot who prayed, "Oh Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more." You have all detected the "us four and no more" spirit in the high school fraternities. The larger loyalty and broader sympathy is overborne by a narrowed social interest.

To be perfectly frank I regard the high school fraternities as nuisances. I say this knowing how many of the best students are members of them, laboring to make them helpful, not hurtful. But when you add it all up, the losses, in my judgment, outrank the gains. The spirit of social exclusiveness is opposed to the true spirit of our public schools and encourages the development of qualities that have no rightful place in American young people.

In the expression of this view, I represent a great body of opinion. For the last six years I have been speaking at high school commencements and at teachers' institutes in various parts of our State. I have never heard a single high school teacher or principal defend the fraternity. Some have been noncommittal but many have frankly uttered their condemnation of the fraternity, as prejudicial to the legitimate work of the school, as weakening the more inclusive class loyalty and as offering an effective temptation to social dissipation. I may not hope to carry all high school students with me in this judgment, but if I asked all parents who believe fraternities tend to alienate young people from their homes, all high school teachers who believe that more evil than good results from fraternity experience, through loyalty to a part instead of to the whole school, all young people who having passed on look back from college and mature life upon those earlier fraternities as cases of immature development, to line up, you would be amazed at the verdict against the high school fraternity!

We are constantly hearing that it is hard for girls to finish the high school course without breaking down. In a climate like our own such a claim should be preposterous! I believe the nervous collapse is due less to faithful study than to the unnecessary excitements of fraternity rivalry and to the irregular hours and social dissipation consequent upon fraternity life.

Two Pits.

(A message to the Christian Endeavorers of Louisiana published in their state paper.)

A toiler bent a patient back
  Above a yawning pit,
And time and strength and love and wealth
  He shoveled into it.
And still, though many years he toiled
  And bitterly he cursed,
The pit remained a hollow hole,
  As empty as at first.

A second workman bent his back
  Above a second pit,
And time and strength and love and wealth
  He shoveled into it.
And, lo, before his sun was set
  The pit was brimming o'er
With ruddy gold and jewels rare,
  A vast, exhaustless store!

Oh, toiler in the field of life,
  'Tis not the work you do,
But where you do it and for what
  Means bane or bliss for you!
Alike into a yawning pit
  May go your strength, your pelf,
But one pit is the church of God,
  The other is—yourself.

—*Amos R. Wells.*

Our Tower Hill Letter.

One wakens on Tower Hill with something of the feeling of the little lad in the city who, opening his eyes upon the sunlighted morn, cried "Hurrah for de day." For the light and the sparkle of the world of nature are around and about. Birds are singing, leaves rustling, primroses closing their delicate cups, and the sun moving across the sky in golden splendor. How can you fail to be glad, then, when these flash their glories upon the inward and outward eye? You cannot, and so you rise with a glad and overflowing heart, ready to break forth into hosannas and canticles, in praise of the coming day. Environed with this mood you go forth to meet what the day, or days, may bring.

For this week the good things have been many

and various. On Monday morning Miss Hatherell concluded her interesting lessons on the "Ferns" and was followed by Mr. T. Lloyd Jones, who, during the entire week, has been instructing us in regard to "Insects." The life history of the fly may seem a small and unattractive subject. But as it unfolds its marvelous secrets, day by day, we stand breathless before the greatness of the lesson and its handling. It breaks upon us that the world in general is deeply and darkly ignorant of truths that vitally concern its welfare.

We learn that flies usually deposit their eggs in places of filth, notably in the garbage box and the manure heap. One fly may lay one hundred and twenty eggs with thirteen generations immediately following him. Thus there may be born from twenty to thirty million flies in one season. Also that while these have beneficial uses in acting as scavengers and hastening the process of decay, yet they may act malevolently and convey the germs of disease. The milk supply may be contaminated by them before it leaves the farm, and cattle destroyed by their insidious inroads. Is it not worth while, then, to pause and take heed as to the manner of our going? Have not the householder and the farmer a duty to the community in the matter of the sanitary disposal of garbage and manure? Further, the moths and the butterflies are also included in the general topic, and we are told of their wondrous organization, habits and the cunning device of nature by which they are made to become the fertilizing agents of the flowers.

The class in Religion, under the charge of the Master, goes on with its story of the elder world and gives us Buddha, Zoroaster, Socrates, LaoTse, Confucius and Mencius, in turn. These epoch-making personalities, under the magnetic touch of our leader, appear in strong and living guise. No longer names, but flesh and blood beings, vital links in the chain of man's history, clear and definite in personal characteristics are these: Buddha, the Lord of Pity, the all-compassionate one, the passive resistant, who put all flesh under his feet; Zoroaster, the militant one, the masterful fighter and strong soldier; Socrates, the philosopher, related in kind to Buddha and Jesus, and his disciple, Plato, in whom the desire reigned to make others so beautiful that its citizens would be ready to die for it; and, lastly, LaoTse, Confucius and Mencius, the ideal philosopher, the economic leader, and the democratic statesman of the Chinese world. All these, touched with the magic wand of understanding and sympathy, become, as it were, visible, and reveal their life secrets to us.

The class in Literature, also under the leadership of the Master, continues its course. Mindful of the fact that the later work of a poet is apt to be neglected, Mr. Jones reads and interprets some of the less familiar poems of Browning, such as "Rephan," "Reverie," "Holy Cross Day," "The Englishman in Italy," "How it Strikes a Contemporary," and "Apparent Failure."

Further, in connection with the subject that follows, we learn that Browning may not be looked upon as a Nature poet. His interest in nature is to be found in snatches of song and in the stray places of the long poems. Notice the description of the elm tree in "The Inn Album," of the ancestral trees in "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon," of the nature pictures in "Saul," and the wonderful imagery of "Paracelsus."

But we are engaged also in another work in connection with the literature class. A prospective authology of the English-speaking poets is in process of making, and we are asked to do our part in the matter of individual contribution. Moreover, we are by no means limited to the larger poets, but may glean from the treasury of the less known. So, in addition to the prominent and familiar favorites, we have tendered a variety of exquisite songs, which have sung their way along, in more or less obscure corners, and thus, all in all, we are heaping up a mass of rather rich treasure.

The pleasure and the profit of the Hill, however, are by no means confined to intellectual banqueting for the "grown-ups." On the contrary, the little people are here in goodly number and mingle in pleasant association with their elders. But they had a "Childrens' Hour" on Monday evening, which was all their own. This was no less than a marshmallow toasting party, in the fireside corner of the Pavilion, at which the boys and the girls were present in full; and in addition to the delightful occupation of toasting the toothsome sweetmeat, each boy and girl narrated a story, and so well was this done that even our "Master," who is not given to idle compliment, declared that the excellence of this performance was quite a revelation to him, and thus are we rejoicing with exceeding great joy over the prowess of our little ones. For, be it remembered, this was no formally prepared occasion, but a spontaneous and sudden summoning of the children of the clan.

On Thursday afternoon we went on our annual picnic to Sliter's Hill, some three miles away. The process of getting there is to be commended. It consisted of alternate riding and walking, as the state of muscles prompted. By this method of locomotion our journey was quickly and easily made, and we reached our camping ground at about half past six o'clock. Thereupon, after having looked about us a little, we found an inviting supper suddenly spread for the satisfaction of the inner man. There were, perhaps, some fifty people present, and the speed with which the table was swept well-nigh clean spoke well for the appetites of the assembly.

But do not imagine for a moment that this was an idle coming together. Not at all! There was serious work to be done. For there had been a kind of garden tournament, in which any boy or girl who had done any weeding, should receive his payment in ice cream, according to the amount of work done. So, here was the Master standing up in our midst, loudly proclaiming the names of the contestants and the amount of their awards. The manner of the announcement and the judicial accuracy of the apportionment was something to see. "Half a dish of ice cream" to him or her who had weeded half a row; "one dish of ice cream" to him who had weeded a full row; "five-fourths of a dish of ice cream" to him that had gone over his row, and so on.

In the meantime those who had been idlers in the vineyard felt that a "bad quarter of an hour" was upon them. But the happy victors quickly lightened their gloom by voting to contribute to the undeserving ones a generous portion of their ice-cream surplus. And thus were the balances restored and all made happy again.

In the meantime, beyond the silver river, the sun was going down in a glory of brilliant color and a gray mist settling down upon the softly curving hills, covering them lightly, as with a fine and filmy veil, and speedily thereafter the moon came up and lighted us pleasantly on our homeward way.

On Thursday evening we gathered in the Pavilion to hear a reading from Whitman by Mr. Jones. He gave us, first, selections from "Myself," and followed this with "The Music of the Storm," "Brooklyn Ferry," and an election poem. Whereupon the elements, as if to take part in the celebration of a poet, entered upon the scene in a kind of tumultuous uproar. "The Music of the Storm," as a near and kindred spirit, roused and incited them to their utmost, and during the delivery of the lines of this great tone-poem, these contributed a marvelous accompaniment of flaming reverberation. In the shadowy corners of the vaulted room the lightning leaped and played and the pattering rain struck hard upon the roof. But the voice within went on and on enthralling and enchaining us. Never before, perhaps, has the cosmic power of this writer been so fully exemplified.

By the last of the week our Mr. Olmstead had returned again, and on Saturday evening gave a stereopticon exhibition of birds. Discoursing of the woodpecker he showed some delightful illustrations of this bird and described its location and habits. Interspersed with the bird views he exhibited some attractive group pictures of boy companions, whom he had succeeded in interesting in the little feathered creatures.

At the end of the evening the success of Mr. Olmstead's work was testified to in an agreeable way by Mr. Jones, Miss Hatherell and Mr. T. Lloyd Jones.

And thus does our week flow along, culminating in a quiet Sunday, with a vesper service at its close. Much has been said in regard to this unique gathering, but words are useless to describe its simple effectiveness and quiet beauty. It is a meeting of all the harmonies in well adjusted combination. The delightful voice of our friend, Mr. Shockley, lent beauty to the twilight hour, in its tender rendering of "For You I Am Praying," after which, following the recitation of the nineteenth psalm by the assembly, came a short address from Mr. Jones on the subject of "Poems of Consolation." Characterizing the hymn-book as the best exponent of this class of literature, he suggested that we were to remember that even this had its limitations. For to meet the exigencies of space the poetry of the collection must be cut down to the required dimensions. Thus, there is mutilation and loss.

We learn that Whittier, the quiet Quaker poet, stands nearer to the open grave than any other writer, and listen to his lines on "My Birthday." After this comes the reading of David Wasson's "Seen and Unseen," Gannet's "The Highway," Lowell's poem on the death of Dr. Channing, Hosmer's "He that Inhabiteth Eternity," and "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

And the mention of the latter poem recalls the fact that Mr. Jones prefaced his informal address with the statement that "Rabbi Ben Ezra" was the supreme poem of consolation to him. For, according to his idea, the subject must be interpreted in a broad sense and made to include those poems which inspire the human soul in its hour of wrestling and defeat, as well as those which uplift it in the presence of the white-winged messenger. Wherefore, listening to all this, we feel anew how surely we may trust the poet and his vision, and wend our way homeward, under the stars, refreshed and reinforced. ANNIE B. MITCHELL.

Tower Hill, August 13, 1905.

THE PULPIT.

The Bondage of Prejudice.

A SERMON BY MRS. VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS, DELIVERED TO ALL SOULS CHURCH IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, SUNDAY, JULY 9, 1905.

Psalms 58:1.

"Do you judge righteously, oh ye sons of men?"

Judgment calls for the highest powers of man. To judge righteously predicates an unbiased mind, freedom from that which blinds the vision or warps the intellect—a heart-life without taint of prejudice.

Prejudice may be called ignorance, but ignorance itself is not necessarily arrayed against the things beyond its understanding. Indeed, it may rest quite content in its own barrenness, leaving the world to move on or halt, to assent or dissent, at its will. Prejudice, like conservatism, is a bent of nature, an attitude of man rather than a mental possession, hence it is limited to no class or time, but has entered into and warped the life of all ages and peoples, the wise as well as the foolish, the learned as well as the unlearned, and while it feeds upon the dearth of understanding, it springs from the dearth of love, a lack of sympathetic life. Prejudice is an affair of the heart or lack of heart rather than that of the head, of belief instead of reason, and that is why it has wrung the life of nations and crucified the Christ, and burned men as living torches at the stake; and that is why capital and labor stand uniformed today, brother against brother, not through lack of ability to understand, but through dearth of sympathy and love. Love gives understanding. Love not only serves another, but teaches us to know and live his life. Prejudice is of the heart, and that is why no reason can open the eyes of blinded partisanship, nor logic fathom or follow the windings that lead to class injustice or persecution of race.

We need but glance over history to see the part that prejudice has played in the turmoils and bondage of the world: in the struggles of truth, the battles of science, the destruction of arts that made for life, the bans upon discovery and invention, the bloodshed and suffering that has marked every forward footstep of man. Naturally, because foremost in history, we think of the bondage of prejudice in the religious conflicts of the world, of heathen against heathen, the worshiper of many gods against the worshiper of one God, of monotheism against polytheism, of Jew against Gentile, of Christian against Jew, of the sufferings of the early fathers, of the blood-stained and martyr-marked pathway of the Roman faith, of Protestantism despotic and bigoted, dividing into fighting battalions over the interpretation of a word, of the Puritan fleeing before the torch to establish a new faith in a new land, and in time applying the thumb-screw to the non-Puritan, the prison-bar to Quakers and the stake to witches. We think of it again in the sacrificial lives of the prophets and teachers and philosophers of old; of Bruno, who declared that the intellect must be free and Truth must be unimpeded, and who suffered death rather than remain silent; of Buddha and Socrates, of the Christ who spake as never man spake, of Paul and Huss and Savonarola and Luther and Fox; of the students of nature and nature's laws who, in the face of death, proclaimed the movement of the stars and the systems of suns and read the ages of the world in the records of rock and sea shells in the bosom of the earth. All servants of God, all saviours of men, who died that truth might live, that bigotry might give way to knowledge and prejudice to love.

But the Past is past, leaving to us its sacred lessons and priceless gifts of sacrifice and service. Before us is the Present, with its ever-turning engines and ever-pressing problems of life, with its call for higher ideals and truer ethics for justice for brotherhood and love, and before this call it is ours to think deeply, to weigh carefully, and to judge righteously. So in this spirit let us briefly look at some of the great things that are calling for the world's best thought and life.

Religion.

The first great thing is Religion because it is fundamental, Religion that is not a name, not an element outside of life to be grafted upon it, not a belief in something natural or super-natural that may or may not have taken place, not an assent to an ecclesiastical enunciation of men centuries afo, but Religion the Life, the life of God in man now as well as yesterday, the work of God through man today.

The old struggle *without,* one faith against another faith, except in Turkey or Russia, perhaps, has passed away. The struggle now is *within,* the effort to know itself. What is the mission of the church? Shall it devote its energies to the spiritual life of the people as a thing apart and different from every day life, to save souls for the other world with little thought of salvation for this world, to build places set apart for worship and closed except for so-called sacred uses, or shall the church be as open and free as the world, and pulpit, and pew, and stone, pulsing with the full tide of humanity, enter as ministering angels into the struggles and toils of earth?

The church has been silently and painlessly, let us hope, slipping from the bondage of the past, but just where shall be its moorings? Just how to journey between the banks of the secular and religious without injury to the craft is a solemn question to those who are still anchored to the old, yet who recognize the inevitable trend of the new. But listen to the God-life within. Does not this Voice assure us that all things are divine, that, with Mrs. Browning, "Every common bush is afire with God," and that no interest of man can be apart from his Maker? If so, work, then, is worship, as well as prayer and song, and the care of children, the protection of the home, the government of city, county and state, the justice of the court, the housing of the poor, the living wage of the worker; nay, more, the righteous division with the worker, these, and all that pertains to the welfare of the people, must become the religious care of the church of the future. Nor is it enough to deal with the surface of things, to potter with the results of wrong-doing, leaving the causes to work on in freedom, to patch up differences when justice would mean peace, to ladle out soup when right conditions would bring honest bread and meat, to distribute old clothes when opportunity would assure new clothing, and, what is better, self-respect. These all may be incidents, but as the ultimatum it is toying with things eternal, and men will turn as they have done and are still doing to larger interpretations of the religious life.

The Catholic church will cease to fear socialism when she puts less stress upon her dead saints and more upon the condition of her living people. The Protestant church will cease to talk about politics and religion not mixing when she gets religion enough in the mixture to count, and all will express less anxiety and wonderment over the attitude of labor to the church when they consider more anxiously the attitude of the church to labor. We do not gather figs of thistles, we are told, and to assume that a class most needy of fellowship and love is indifferent or antagonistic is to acknowledge that the church has been indifferent or unconscious of her trust.

It may not be easy to accept these things in a day of such evident proof that Labor has lent herself to bad leadership to lawlessness and crime, nor does it whiten records to know that conspiracy and lawlessness in another and easier form of concealment are the tools of capital as well. It merely says to us: "Look at all things fairly without prejudice, enter into the lives of men to know them with your heart of love, study for the truth and judge righteously. All are children of God, all your care, rich and poor. On whatever side they are allied, whatever their bondage or blindness or need, whatever wrongs they suffer or inflict, they are brothers and our brothers."

Corporate tyranny did not spring up like a mushroom in a night. Industrial savagery was not born in a day. Both come from the stress and strain of years, one the life struggle for power, the other the life struggle for an independent foothold. Where was the Gospel at the inception of this struggle? Where, oh ye church, have ye been hiding with your Sermon on the Mount, and your living on the street? Deep down within us some day must come the honest answer: "The Gospel as preached has not kept pace with the life of the people. It did not walk as a tender councilor in the hour of need. It took no part in adjustment of economic relations. It has given no understanding or sympathetic word." Have ye judged righteously, oh ye sons of men? Then, if so, prejudice will lose itself in love, and religion become so large and real and every day so sweeping in its embrace and knowledge that all will feel its gentling touch and know that ye have walked with God. Then will the vision of man be open to the divine and evil and competition be lost in co-operative brotherhood, whose Father is God.

Government.

The second great thing calling for the world's best thought and life is Government, self government. Democracy, which is the first trust of religion, the highest expression of the God-life in man applied to community of men. Here justice in the abstract becomes Justice in the concrete. Here love becomes right relations and honor honest-dealing. Democracy is the supreme test of the worthiness of man, the realness of his religion, and it has already brought forth so much that is uplifting and inspirational and godly that no one can doubt its divine birth and final triumph. But in the process of becoming there is much to perplex the thoughtful and call forth the best in man to its rescue.

Here is the problem of the city and nation before us. No greater ever burned on brain or heart. A city stifling with life. Machinery crowding out the heart. A million souls under the hoof of Greed. A million souls under the lash of competition. A million captains or tools or victims—all victims of a system whose child is despotism. We see public trusts raffled for a price, the people betrayed, fraud and theft and graft juggling in high places and low places and the masses in power, while condemning the thing itself, applaud and reward political and commercial sharpness that lead to it. We see great railways rushing recklessly through the land and no one to say, "Your first care must be for men, not dividends." The voice of the state is muffled in passes and tolls. The voice of the nation hushed or cowed by the cry of "Paternalism," and the masses in power blindly assenting to a logic that leads to the slaughter of innocents. We see our streets lorded over by a system of transportation with

its half-clad, half-civilized equipments, mowing down a life a day, and the masses still decrying even the trial of a remedy found effective in other lands.

What then, in such a tumult, is the duty of the church? Throw off its clerical garb and enter into the turmoil of the street? I think not. Keep on your garb if you have one worth keeping, but be sure that it cover a sane man, a real citizen, a true patriot, one filled with the life of God, with ideals of civic righteousness, with courage born of knowledge, the knowledge that can come only from a heart of love.

I am not thinking of a body of people now. So much of personality and heart-life is lost in organization that we long for the touch of a free hand, for a Peter who, in defiance of caste, called no man unclean; for a Paul, who broke the narrow confines of the Gospel and sent its illumined message to the ends of earth; for a free voice great enough to bear the full message, for a free heart tender enough to enfold all life.

Is the pew too conventional? Conventionalism melts before love. Is it too conservative? Conservatism grows broad with love. Is it too commercial? Commercialism is a stranger to love. Is it too benighted? Love gives knowledge. Is it too prejudiced? Where love is prejudice cannot be. Is it too narrow and unsympathetic? Sympathy and love are twins. Is it too inactive? Love is goodness in action. Each then must make his own diagnosis, but this I know, for I have seen it, and, I trust, shall know it more and more by living as the days go by, that Love is the one solvent in which greed and oppression and injustice will be lost and good citizenship and good homes and righteous living will come forth. And does it seem too tame, too chimerical and vague? Then man in God's image is too tame and the attributes of the Divine are too vague. Life everywhere bears witness of the supreme power of Love, transforming governments by its touch, bestowing equality and justice and freedom, and lifting man to his own, face to face with God.

The third great thing calling for the better man is the right relation of races, Race Justice. Few things are less intelligible than this strange fact, the prejudice of races that has blinded man and filled the pages of history with injustice and persecution. Separate by sea or geographical lines, differing in color or trait, or religion, yet all of one Father. Each race comes into life by no choice of its own, each fills a place in world-building, possesses the same sentient life, the same attributes of love or hate, the same limitation of life and death, and each is seeking in its own manner, however weak, to know and worship God. Why, then, this feeling of race supremacy, this prejudice that goes forth in cruelty and wrong? It is the Yellow Peril in one place, a cry against two peoples whose greatest crimes seem to be a desire to be let alone to preserve their national life and integrity of race, to work and save, and to worship God after their own understanding. The Mongolian has never stolen a port from Germany, America or France, nor forced his opium on the English, or broken treaties with the Czar. With a civilization ancient a thousand years when Greece was born, with a culture in letters and gentle crafts to which the white is yet a child, still the yellow race has found little justice among white people, no real friends, and wins respect of western civilization, as we see today, by his skill at arms.

Between the white man and the brown there exists the same chasm. It cannot be from superiority, for the farther we trace the races the more of noble achievement is accredited to the brown man, in the building of great cities, the system of intense agriculture, in invention of letters and arithmetic, and the roll of conquerors and law givers and poets, that honor his history. For two thousand years the same strange animosity has been manifested toward the Jew. His pathway has been marked by the crown of thorns and dyed by the blood of kinsmen. Even to this hour Russia, called Christian by courtesy, is still reveling in his bloodshed. And all this persecution in the face of the unrivaled and marvelous record of the Jew in religion and literature and commerce. Again this feeling is in evidence in our ill-concealed prejudice to the Latins. Some one has said the whole world goes to school to the Latins, they who in statecraft and literature and art and music and architecture were masters hundreds of years ago and masters today. Inferiority plays no part in this, or if it did, so much the worse for the so-called superior people. But still closer to us, more vital because at our own doorstep, is the feeling of the white toward the black. With thousands of years in the jungles of Africa, two centuries of serfdom in America, and with but a brief day of liberty there can be no claim of equality. Race relation is not and never was a question of equality or unequality, but of equity. Let us look at it a moment. It is plain, all creation makes it plain, that types and races cling to their own. There is an affinity not found in the other. This is a law of life. To deny it is foolish, to ignore it is a violation and a shock to nature. This law, then, recognized and honored, what, then, is this bitterness of race? What does it mean? It means a small understanding of the largeness of life. We are all God's handiwork, perfect or imperfect. All filling a place. Working out a mission differing as the pine differs from the oak, or the oak from the shrub. All, under the laws of nature, must eat and drink, be clothed and housed, one sky above, one earth, one God. The world of nature is the same to all races. The seasons do not change their order with the latitude. Gravitation does not vary with the kink of the hair. The world of science is alike to all, not one geology for the Jew and another for the Gentile. Two and two make four in English as the Arabic.

And the world of justice and moral right must be the same to all people. Right cannot juggle with wrong because some one's skin is black. It is a highwayman, Christian or Musselman, that would take away the land of nation or the rights of men because they are weak. It is the martinet who would oppress the poor or wrong the helpless. It is the bully in the ring that would strike down a people because he can, and everywhere it is the Nero of a master race that would burn men alive because law was too impotent to fear.

What, then, can we offer to humanity against this unreasoning Force, this despot of darkness? Simply this, the heart of love, that shall give vision and understanding and righteous judgment, that shall go forth with the full Gospel in law, in church and state, fearing no evil because God lives, and rejoicing in the coming triumph of the Good. Such is the great work and great living within the reach of the children of men, to live the life of God on earth, to understand the depths, to walk upon the heights, to know man through love, in all his poverty and sorrows, his temptations and toils, to serve man through love in his hour of need, in his long journeying toward a better day, to judge righteously, knowing justice by living the right and becoming the just. Then will come the fulfillment of the word, "He that loveth his brethren abideth in the light."

Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance, and Change? To these
All things are subject but Eternal Love.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

A Message From Ibsen.

A SERMON PREACHED BY ROBERT P. DOREMUS TO ALL SOULS CHURCH, IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1905.

"I am fighting my fight with Ghosts both within me and without."—Ibsen, Ghosts, Act 2.

Children of the past in some measure, we know that we all are; not only children of our immediate fathers, but of that long range of ancestry which leads us back to the first germs of organic life. In very truth, we are brothers to the clod. If our origin has become so much of a platitude to us that we forget its significance, the long, painful ascent is called back to us by some virile book. "Men came from beasts!" cries Philip Lawton, passionately, in a recent Southern novel, The Master-Word, "Men came from beasts! There is law for you if you will have it! We struggle upwards, all of us, fighting God knows what brute nature within."

In a metaphor, that is itself a ghost of an outgrown conception, we speak of the soul as though it were something absolute, and outside of the forces that molded our bodies; yet we know that our thought-life, our soul-life are natural things, part of ourselves, conditioned like our bodies, upon countless progenitors, stamped by the wills and emotions of far-off ancestors, molded by experiences of long ago: failures and successes, upreachings and downfallings.

History is the drama of this upgrowth of the soul. Ethics, religion, law, is its momentary expression, its sum up to the present hour. We speak abstractly the words, law, right, morality, truth, and speak of them as absolute. Yet that is the ghost of an untenanted phase of thought, a ghost which is apt to vitiate our sense of relative values and narrow our horizon. When we have laid aside the outworn metaphor, we know that *our* law, *our* religion, *our* morality, *our* truth, is part of the natural evolution of things, that it is only a passing phase which has supplanted other phases and will in turn be supplanted. That does not oblige us to surrender the faith that there is an *absolute law, an absolute morality, an absolute religion,* which finds but a partial though an ever-increasing expression in the universe of which we are an integral part. We do not need to discard the faith that we are able to meet that Absolute directly in a personal, intimate communion. Yet the degree in which we can share that communion depends on a long development in which the soul woke to self-consciousness, woke to an outward consciousness of the great brooding, molding Over-Soul. Our life, all of it, is a continuous, organic one. Not only do we share in the upward movement of the whole race, the common inheritance, but our individual lives are closely hemmed in by the mistakes, and the weaknesses, the successes and the triumphs of our nearer parents. And closer even than this inheritance is the legacy of our own past lives that makes us the children of our yesterdays, the fathers of our tomorrows.

When we talk of fighting ghosts, do we mean to destroy this historical continuity with our past? Do we want to alienate ourselves from the unfolding world-life, grand and sublime with all its tragedies? We don't mean that. We know that we are a part of it all. We have no point of absolute vision. The same stream of thought and feeling which made fire-worshiper and idolater, from which sprang alike Pagan and Jew and Christian, ancient Judea and Mediæval Rome is the stream in which we move; further down, but the same stream. We cannot stand outside ourselves and view the current from an absolute standpoint. We do not wish to eliminate the past from out our life. We *are* the past fullgrown. We are built on the past. We are the tree of which the past was the sapling. We can't dismiss with a nod the political systems on which our present government is founded, the literatures which have entered into the making of ours, the thoughts and aspirations which have grown into our philosophy and religion, the creeds of long ago, the bibles, the redeemers, the rituals. We cannot ignore the good nor the bad in our past. They explain us. We must understand them to understand ourselves. The failures, the brutalities, the mistakes of the past as well as the successes, the aspirations and the virtues can never in one way be banished. Every failure and every success has made the world eternally the poorer, eternally the richer.

No, we have no desire to leave the current, no wish to obscure the place of the past in the present. But we fight our fight against the Ghosts! Ghosts? What are Ghosts? Not the living, vital phases of ourselves and of the social order, fleeting, temporary, and yet warm and significant and vital! No! Ghosts belong to the world of the dead. They are the survivals into the present of unrelated fragments of a dead past. We can distinguish always between the effect of an evil or a good which as an effect is eternal, and shapes all futures; and the evil or relative good itself, the action, the thought, the ideal, the emotion, which need not be carried on, which need not be repeated, which can be thrown aside when we see that it is an evil, or when we recognize that as a good its mission is over, that it no longer is a good, but if repeated in an age to which it does not belong is an evil, an ever-increasing evil.

For we can roughly distinguish between these two kinds of Ghosts, the Ghosts of wilful evil, and the Ghosts of partial, relative, vanishing good. They blend into one another, these two kinds of Ghosts, and yet we recognize the distinction. Ghosts of evil, we all know those. Ghosts of crime, and folly, and sin. We don't need to talk much about them. We go into our insane asylums and hospitals where innocent children suffer from nameless diseases, where malformed wretches lie in agony, and we go into our alleys and palaces where crimes repeat themselves in crime, and ignorance, folly, weakness, failure, beget themselves again, and there we see them throughout. It is only a few weeks since one of our prominent magazines showed us the horse-thief, the riotous liver, the gambler, behind the inheritance of a most notorious, most unscrupulous, most criminal financier. Terrible Ghosts those. It seems the last, the worst tragedy, when they struggle for supremacy in a noble nature, and when the struggle, seemingly of no avail, at least in this world, is given over, and the Ghosts, physical, mental, spiritual, for these Ghosts are all one at the last, crush out the life, or what is worse, leave the life, and crush out the nobility. The despairing cry of the wretched Oswald echoes in many human hearts: *"I never asked you for life. And what sort of a life have you given me? I won't have it. You shall take it back again!"*

But it is not only as inherited evil, crippling and debasing the lives of the individual, that we see the Ghosts of wrong. Evil passes itself on from generation to generation, as institutions, as customs, as parties. Disloyalties, corruptions, greed, selfishness, are "come-agains," are Ghosts. They persist, they live again, they haunt our social life with a never dying curse. Steynsgard, in Ibsen's *League of Youth,* voices Ibsen's passionate denunciation of our willing slavery to those Ghosts:

"There hovers in the air an influence, a spectre from bygone days of rottenness, which spreads darkness where there should be nothing but buoyancy and light. We must lay that spectre; down with it!"

And *"Down with it!"* we echo. We are eager to wage battle against those Ghosts, in our own lives, in the social order, Ghosts of Crime, Ghosts of Deliberate Evil, Ghosts of mistakes and weaknesses and follies, Ghosts of bygone insincerities and falsehoods, and compromise with wrong. We know that we must fight those Ghosts, though we are not all agreed on just which are Ghosts. All our charities and reformatories, all our settlements and missions, yes, and our churches, where our churches are doing their duty, are organized against those Ghosts.

But many as are these Ghosts of evil, the Ghosts of the passing good are more, Ghosts not of the crime or the folly or the blunder, but Ghosts of that which in its time and place was good. Some of those Ghosts are physical, the brute instinct, the brute struggle for existence, the warlike in us, Ghosts of passing phases of our ancestry, necessary to the survival of the race. We know that kind of Ghost well. Militarism and the Big Stick is one of his popular names, the glorification of the merely physical; the laudation of the soldier, the prize-fighter, the football champion; patriotism with a rim, college spirit with a rim, religion with a rim, all one in origin. We know well today the folly of saying with Rousseau all that is natural is good. All that is natural *was* good. Perhaps even the Ghosts of evil trace back into the once-good. But the survival of that which was once good, but is no longer, must be battled against. To worship the merely natural is to worship a ghost. Polygamy *was* good. War *was* good. But we have passed that phase. We have risen above it.

These Ghosts, too, we are recognizing. These Ghosts, too, we battle against. But in the thought-world, in the world of ideas we find the unfought Ghosts, the Ghosts unchallenged, the Ghosts unmet in battle. In the world of social life, of political life, of religious life, these Ghosts wage rampant. They stifle our best impulses. They hinder us from the highest fulfillment of the *Now*. And that type of Ghost Ibsen has not overlooked. It is the terrible physical inheritance that Oswald received from his father that is the horror and tragedy of Ibsen's drama, *"Ghosts."* The terrible "Come-Agains" of vice and evil that the dramatist paints make us shrink with revulsion, and yet through *"Ghosts,"* as through all the other dramas of Ibsen, there flit the others, not less fatal, if less horrifying, not less insidious, not less destroying. Oswald's mother, with all the terrible inheritance of her son before her eyes, is not blind to these ghost-ideas:

> "Ghosts!" she cried. "Ghosts! I almost think we're all of us ghosts, Pastor Manders. It's not only what we have inherited from our father and mother that 'walks' in us. It's all sorts of dead ideas and lifeless old beliefs, and so forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us, all the same, and we can't get rid of them. Whenever I take up a newspaper, I seem to see ghosts gliding between the lines. There must be ghosts all the country over, as thick as the sand of the sea. And then we are, one and all, so pitifully afraid of the light."

Into the tragedy of *"Ghosts"* those spectre-ideas enter and contribute their share to the catastrophe, Ghosts of evil and Ghosts of good. It was the accursed Ghost of respect for money—and position, the Ghosts of social usage and platitude, that led Mrs. Alving into the unhallowed marriage that produced the wretched Oswald. It was the petty Ghosts of social creeds and public opinion and convention, that led her, under Pastor Manders' influence, to remain with her debauched husband and cover over from the world his degradation and vice. It was the Ghost of traditional filial reverence that made her shrink from warning her son of his fearful inheritance that he might fortify himself for the struggle against it. Pastor Manders, the evil genius of the drama, is an embodiment of the Ghosts of customary usage, dead ideas, convention. Oh, the real Ghosts, the unfought Ghosts, the Ghosts whose slaves we are, are the Ghosts of ideas, conventions, platitudes, worn out social customs, political creeds, religious dogmas, moral precepts. The usual, the stereotyped, the customary, how they bind us! And we suffer these Ghosts to haunt us, to dominate our lives, though we know full well they are Ghosts. In our moments of freedom, in our instant perceptions of true nobility, we recognize them as dead, and wonder at ourselves that we should reverence them. Yet tomorrow we drop back again into the old routine of customary usage. *"We are, one and all, so pitifully afraid of the light."*

In our civic life those Ghosts have an amusing supremacy. What honor we give to a political theory which we have long since known in our innermost consciousness to have been of passing value, of temporary worth. How we cling to the words of a Washington, a Jefferson, a Lincoln, then a half-truth, now wholly alien to our needs and our light. How we attach ourselves to old platforms. How we build about dead issues. How our life is paralyzed by old party-calls, ancient principles, which linger in our body politic. *"They have no vitality, but they cling to us all the same and we can't get rid of them."* Our whole modern life may be built on lines inconsistent with them; experience may have disproved their value a thousand times. They may be out of harmony with known physical and psychological law, and yet how persistently we refuse to part with them! How we submit while the stock orator parrots them off and the demagogue uses them for his ends, paralyzing the efforts that we are about to make to live the life of the *now*. We would be honest; we would go forward, but the ghosts of the past stand in our way and we suffer them. Ibsen's great drama, "An Enemy of the People," pictures these gliding ghosts that infect our political and social life. Dr. Stockmann is the one man free from ghosts. He faces the crowd and exclaims:

> "This is the doctrine you've inherited from our forefathers, and go heedlessly proclaiming far and wide—the doctrine that the multitude, the vulgar herd, the masses are the pith of the people—that they *are* the people—that the common man, the ignorant, the undeveloped member of society, has the same right to condemn and to sanction, to counsel and to govern, as the intellectually distinguished few. . . . The masses are nothing but the raw material that must be fashioned into the People."

He alone had reached the place where he refused to acknowledge these popular ghosts which vitiate our public life from generation to generation and make possible our demagogues, our swaying vacile populace, our corrupt governments. And the ghosts of social organization and property system, that we know we have passed beyond, that we know have served their day. When shall we free ourselves from a past in which we no longer believe, which we no longer find adequate? When shall we dare to cut out for ourselves a social order, a political system, a legal code, that shall be based only on the needs of the present, only on the convictions of the now, with no regard for consistency with old ideals, faroff preambles and bills of rights? Let us live in today. "Let the dead past bury its dead!" We shall not deny its value, its part in the present as an effect. We shall deny its right to survive in a *Now* in which it has no part.

Fundamental principles! Fundamental principles! There are no principles which do not change, which are not part of the organic, growing whole. There is no truth for us but the truth of the present moment, and even while we speak it is gone and new truth takes its place.

In the world of Religion, as in the world of the social and political order, we are beset by the Ghosts of ideas, phantoms of the past that cling about the present and throttle it. There, even more than in the civic life, outworn thoughts and emotions, which have lost all vitality, which are alien to the highest impulses and convictions of the present, in which we have no vital personal belief, still linger as habits, as conventions, as ghosts, dwarfing our spiritual life, holding us in bondage to the past. They rim in our wide world-view, these Ghosts, and narrow us to an abnormal emphasis upon the traditional and particular. Our highest philosophy, our noblest ideals, our keenest perceptions, may all be as nothing before the shadow of an outgrown devotion to one historic figure, one collection of writings, one current of thought. How we wrest history and warp our philosophy in order to cling to that ancient devotion! In our heart of hearts it is the wider view we long for. We long to use the plural. Our souls carry us on into the higher vision in which we know intuitively that in religion there are no persons. We will be independent, we cry; we will not close in our horizon; we will worship the ideal in all its expressions. So we resolve. But old usages, old associations cling about us. Old rallying calls are sounding in our ears, echoes of old songs float to us. It is the easiest path. Unmolested the Ghosts creep back and invade the life of our soul. The world-view is gone, the horizon narrows. We live again in the traditional, the particular, with our Ghosts.

"We are children of our fathers!" cries the ecclesiastical brakeman, jamming down the brakes on the wheels of progress. "We are children of our fathers! We cannot become alien to the life that has moulded us." No! we cannot altogether. Nor can we escape altogether from the heritage of sin and crime and folly, but we may always fight, we may always struggle, against the Ghosts of evil and likewise against the Ghost of vanishing good, the dead beliefs, dead reverences, dead traditions, that would possess our souls.

But do not misunderstand. It is not the throwing aside of the past, as the past, that we seek. All that is rich and holy and good shall remain, but larger, fuller. That which was but is no longer; that which in our souls we know to have been a passing phase, a partial view, we may reverence it for the part it has played in the moulding of the present, we may glory in the power it once had, but into the present it shall not survive. It is brain tissue! But brain tissue can be remoulded. We can battle against the Ghosts.

Nor do we plead for the throwing aside by one man of the Ghosts of another. Let us keep the symbols while they are meaningful and vital to us—not in the light of their past but in the light of their present. But we shall not, when we have seen them as they are, cling to their shadows because they are beautiful shadows, shadows once living, once warm, once meaningful. Don't waste emotion on Ghosts. Let us live in the *Now*, in the vital, throbbing present, a present intensely real, intensely earnest, intensely vital, as no other present has ever been.

But tomorrow will have its struggle against the Ghosts of tomorrow. We will outgrow the thought, the emotion of today and outgrown it must be abandoned. We must not endeavor to be true to it. That was what Emerson meant when he called consistency the vice of little minds, that consistency which clings loyally to the dead self, which conforms the todays to the yesterdays. And it doesn't limit itself to any creed or absence of creed, this struggle against the Ghosts. The purest, noblest ideals of today may become the hampering limitations of tomorrow. The world of a century hence will be fighting our Ghosts. Oh, there are some Ghosts we can keep from them if we will, the Ghosts of our evil, our misdeeds, our follies; but the other Ghosts, the Ghosts of our highest good, those they must fight for themselves. Jesus, a valiant battler against the Ghosts of his day, becomes himself a Ghost of ours. Channing, Emerson, Parker, the noblest of our independent thinkers, are among the Ghosts of the world that now is.

Let our greatest hope for the future be that, while reverently touching the things of the age that is ours and embodying what permanent good we may have wrought, it shall be true only to its own highest perceptions, its own greatest needs, its own highest ideals. May this be our legacy to them, that by our own ceaseless struggle to be true to the *Now* we shall give to them the courage, the independence, the sincerity that shall make their struggle easier.

Shall we not stand, each one of us, for freedom from these dead ideas, freedom from loyalties to worn out symbols and far-off traditions and stand in the free, open sunlight of the universal religion of the *Now?* Shall we not disown the party loyalties, the loyalties to system, the loyalties to bygone leaders, the rally signals and bugle calls and think and act only for the needs of the civic life with which we have to do? Shall we not banish old social custom and conform only to the living convictions of the hour? Shall not every one of us in our own life be free? Shall not each one of us say from the depths of his soul, *"I am fighting my fight with Ghosts both within me and without"?*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Three nature books of the very highest value lie on the Table. Each one of them deserves a full column in UNITY. One of them is "Wasps, Social and Solitary," by Geo. W. Peckham and Elizabeth G. Peckham; with an introduction by John Burroughs. It does not need this introduction in order to introduce it to the public. And yet I entirely agree with his opinion, that it is one of the most delightful books for reading that I have ever seen. The style is peculiarly attractive, as well as the matter. Nature books need not overlook style. Nature is poetry; read it poetically. It looks now as if we should, after a little, get rid of the dry fleshless science books. This book in hand is not only admirably expressed, but is charming to the intellectual senses. Take this paragraph, "The highest point of the island is crowned by a great group of linden trees; and one day their perfume, carried by the wind far over field and wood, was calling everything that had wings, to gather the richest of all the gifts that July can offer. We too were drawn to the spot, and found the great blossoming domes thrilling and vibrating with life. For miles around, the bees, wasps and butterflies had gathered to the feast; and we seemed to touch the high tide of the year in the scent of the flowers; in the humming throng of happy creatures; and the vision of it all against the summer sky." That I call a perfect picture, drawn in words. It is not only beautiful, but brings to us the beauty of nature. We smell, we see with the author. It is in fact a Bierstadt picture of the hills. Read it over and over, and you will be delighted with the music of it. This is the kind of author that we need to give us nature books. Buy this book, and enjoy it. It is published by Houghton Mifflin & Co., of Boston.

The second of the three books noted above is by Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent, and is an abstract of

his magnificent "Silva of North America." It is entitled "The Manual of the Trees of North America." I should say that those who cannot afford to own the Silva, and who are interested in trees—as everybody ought to be—should have this manual, for constant reference. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, at six dollars, postpaid. The Silva costs three hundred and fifty dollars. Prof. Sargent is well known as director of the Arnold arboretum, of Harvard University—a great Boston and Massachusetts enterprise.

Now I come to a third volume, which, while as thoroughly scientific as Mr. Sargent's work, is as readable as the work of Mr. and Mrs. Peckham. It is by Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg, entomologist of Leland Stanford University; is titled "American Insects"; and is published by Henry Holt & Co., of New York City. The book has a distinct Stanford University flavor—a flavor due largely to President Jordan, who infuses into everything that he does, or allows to be done, a certain keenness and brightness. The volume in hand discusses insects, from the simplest to the most complex, not simply describing them, but showing their relations to flowers, and to animals, and human beings. The author tells us in his prefatory note that "If man were not the dominant animal in the world, this would be the age of insects." They are our chief rivals, and with them comes the battle, year after year, for control of the world. The volume is superb in its setting and publishing, and is full of illustrations, beside a large number of full page plates of colored moths and butterflies. Sumptuous, delicate, exquisite, these are words that easily leap to our lips in looking through the book. But I cannot too much emphasize the fact that, in this volume we also have science made thoroughly readable.

E. P. Powell.

Knox Rannocks Prophecy.

This is a paper covered book of 224 pages, published by John Menzies & Co., Edinburgh, and sold for one shilling. I wish that some publisher would introduce it to America, for it is well worth reading.

The book is a "Tale of the Scottish Church Crisis," and it bears the name, Mark Meldrum, as author. This is the thin disguise of a man of genius who occupies a Unitarian pulpit in Great Britain.

The *crisis,* to which reference is made, is the situation brought about by the recent decision of the House of Lords respecting the action of the Free Church of Scotland in uniting with the United Presbyterian Church in forming the "United Free Church." The court decided that the action was illegal, and their decision has dispossessed the Free Church of all its properties—churches, schools, and funds—amounting to several million dollars in value. These properties have by the decision passed into the hands of about a score of ministers, largely pastors of obscure churches in the Highlands, who refused to join the *union,* and who are now known as the "Wee Frees."

The situation is very hard for the former Free Churches; it seems like downright robbery to many. It also has its absurd and pathetic features. The present condition of affairs is an impressive illustration on a large scale of the evils inherent in the policy of building a church upon the dogmatic basis of a final creed.

All this, and much more, is vividly and forcibly shown in this book, but it is not the major element in it. The reader is not worried with ecclesiastical history or doctrinal disquisition. Most of all it is a fresh human document descriptive of the perplexing problems of real people.

The church crisis is seen clearly, but only by a sort of flash-like glance, now and then, while watching the movement of the story as a whole. If one wishes to understand the crisis, he will easily get to the very heart of the matter in these pages; but all this will come in an incidental way, while gazing at wonderful Scottish scenery, listening to quaint sermons, and watching the flow of tears and the growth of love.

The story describes how a sincere and heroic young minister of the United Free Church broke with the traditions of his father. The pathos of the story arises from the fact that Ruth, the wife of Knox Rennoch, being a prosaic, conservative woman, had no sympathy with the husband's love for religious progress. Hence the deep tragic movement of the narrative. The difference finally leads to a separation, the wife going to her father's home in Skye, and a daughter, Elsir, who proves the comforting companion of her father, going with him to Germany, where he seeks more light on the great problems of religion. Miriam, the sister of Ruth, who is a good deal of a free thinker, helps to broaden Ruth's mind. She meets an artist, Frank Martyn, who is in Skye to paint its wonderful scenery, and he proves a sympathetic teacher of a broader faith. Their love-making furnishes the romance of the story. Knox returns to Scotland and with the help of a rich patron starts a religious movement in a hall in Glasgow. After preaching a great sermon, which angers the conservatives, the mob spirit is aroused and he dies from the effects of a stone thrown by one of the rioters. Ruth and Elsie meet in tears by the body of husband and father.

This is a simple story of more than usual interest for thoughtful people. The characters are directly drawn. The dramatic interest is well sustained. The descriptions of scenery are fine. The situations are natural but full of deep feeling. Six of Scotland's greatest divines are introduced under names that only thinly veil their identity; and James Bryce probably figures as Thomas Royce. Theology is not obtruded, but great life-teachings are plentifully scattered over its pages.

Boston. Joseph Henry Crooker.

The River and the Wind.

Beneath me lies the river, brown
Except where flecks of sunlit blue
Rest moist-imprisoned.
To leftward is a narrow,
Swift-winding through its rock-cut course,
Beautiful yet dark.
But on the right, behold the sudden joy
Of opened view, of wider stream, and lower banks,
And island upon island stretching far.
I stand upon the point against a pine, and dream.

The wind is strong, too strong to bear against it.
I have put my arm around the pine,
And now we sway as one.
Blow, blow, thou wind, I am given o'er.
Have thy wild way with me until I feel myself a nature child,
Even as this grass, delirious with thy breath;
Or as the uncounted ripple-waves upon the surface there;
Or as the pines, the glad, strong carriers of thy voice.
These are my sisters, brothers,
Their life leaps even now within me.
Is this thy message, Wind?

Blow, blow, wild wind, upon my seeking face,
Upon my eyes, till they grow dim
In a vision there of something far and large;
And blow upon my hair to enter as a power, a will—
Thou art the voice of God, I listen, listen,
And as I leave. O mark me with some sacred impress
Of my commune with thee,
And, seeing, men may feel
That I have known for one short space at least,
Thy joy, great wind,—thy power.

—*L. Kueffner, in To-Morrow.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Very few of the most devoted of our lovers and friends would come up to the standard I once heard given of true affection: "He might die for you, but he would never let you know it."

MON.—To maintain a sound mind in a sound body, so as to be a help instead of a burden, requires an amount of self-control of which not everybody is capable.

TUES.—The dinner should be subservient to the guests, not the guests to the dinner; and every meal, be it simple or splendid, is worthless altogether unless eaten, as a good Christian has it, "in gladness and singleness of heart."

WED.—To be just is the very first lesson that a parent requires to learn.

THURS.—"Love never spoiled any child. It is the alternation, the kiss on the one cheek and the blow on the other, which ruin."

FRI.—You will perceive I hold that, in the training of the young, example is everything, precept almost nothing.

SAT.—The truly benevolent man is he who, looking on all his charities, great or small, says only—in devout repetition of his Master's words—"I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

From sermons Out of Church, by Miss Murdock.

The Beetle.

The shrilling locust slowly sheathes
His danger voice and creeps away
Beneath the brooding leaves where breathes
The zephyr of the dying day:
One naked star has waded through
The purple shadows of the night,
And faltering, as falls the dew,
It drips its misty light.
O'er garden blooms
On tides of musk,
The beetle booms adown the glooms
And bumps along the dusk.

The katydid is rasping at
The silence from the tangled broom,
On drunken wings the flitting bat
Goes staggering athwart the gloom;
The toadstool bulges through the weeds
And lavishly to left and right
The fireflies like golden seeds,
Are sown about the night.
O'er slumbrous blooms
On floods of musk
The beetle booms adown the glooms
And bumps along the dusk.

The primrose flares its baby hands
Wide open as the empty moon
Slow lifted from the underlands
Drifts up the azure arched lagoon.
The shadows on the garden walk
Are frayed with rifts of silver light
And trickling down the poppy stalk
The dew drop streaks the night.
O'er folded blooms
On swirls of musk
The beetle booms adown the glooms
And bumps along the dusk.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Some California Animals.

Last evening a party of three of us went down through the orchard to the pasture to seat ourselves under a large laurel tree and see what we could see. On the way through the orchard we picked up handfuls of prunes, which are just getting ripe, and we threw them some distance beyond our hiding place. At our feet was a stream of water—the only one in the many near cañons that still persists through the long rainless summer. In winter this stream comes with such volume and force that it has cut its way deep into the ground. We were seated high on one bank on the roots of the tree, and looked over to the opposite bank, where was spread our feast of prunes for whomsoever should come and eat. We had not waited long when a beautiful deer sprang lightly down the hill and trotted along the edge of the bank opposite us.

She evidently meant to go down and take a drink, but she instantly saw these strange figures under the tree and she stopped short and stared at us. She stood there, staring, twitching her tail, alert and wondering. We did not move and she walked on. But not satisfied yet that all was right she stepped back to her first place. The mosquitoes were literally fierce and I slowly moved my hand to remove one that was devouring me. The slightest motion was enough. Away bounded the pretty thing in long leaps, at least ten feet to a bound, and disappeared in the woods. We could hear her quick snorts of rage or warning as she fled up the hill.

Much chagrined at my luck of stoicism we feared that no more wild things would pass that way while we waited, but we were soon pleased to see the long plume of a skunk approaching us. Soon came another and another and we had the unique pleasure of seeing three skunks, and a little later five skunks, prancing about, not fifteen feet away from us. Perhaps we watched them with more equanimity because of the deep ditch between us. I had no idea before that a skunk was possessed of such elegance of manner and appearance!

The tail is longer than the head and body together and is like a beautiful ostrich plume. It is held erect most of the time, as though its owner were quite aware of its full decorative value. The head is rather insignificant, but the tail is all-sufficient. The fur is an intense black, with a pure white V, which starts at the nape of the neck. It was most amusing to watch the antics of those little beasts. They spit at each other like kittens, they daintily ate the prunes, they curvetted about, bowing, advancing and retreating, with plumes waving. They seemed to be posing for a border design. At last something alarmed them and they disappeared into the bushes and we made our way back to the house.

These skunks have robbed the hen roost and eaten quails' eggs, but we felt like forgiving them after our evening's entertainment. "Don't shoot them yet!" we implored of the man with the gun. "Come down with us and watch them for a few nights first." "If I do that I'll never shoot them. They'll be my friends," he said. E. T. K.

"Tamalpais," California, August 7, 1905.

The Royal Visitor.

My thoughts are often like a motley crowd
That fill the street with ignominious cry,
But now and then amid the tumult loud
The kingly truth goes by.

I know not whence he comes or whither bound
Our city's royal visitor may be,
But where he walks a silence spreads around—
All yield instinctively.

Then many narrow views which I have held,
Mistaken aims and selfish hopes and pride,
Hasten away, by very shame compelled,
And from my presence hide.

So pure is truth, so beautiful and kind,
So all commanding is the voice that calls,
A hundred aspirations, long confined,
Break from their prison walls.

—*Stephen Tracy Livingston in Forward.*

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion.''

(*Special Correspondence.*)

CLEVELAND, OHIO, August 19.—As the arrangements for the coming convention of the American Civic Association, in this city, approach completion, it becomes more and more evident that the occasion will be one of such a nature as to fully justify the deep and general interest that is manifested in it throughout the country. The local committee is doing its work in a very commendable manner, in the judgment of the officials of the association who have recently visited the city, and the program that has been arranged by the association meets the entire approval of the local workers, as it will doubtless appeal forcibly to all persons who are interested in the progress of the Civic Betterment Movement.

The first session of the convention will be held Wednesday, October 4, at 10 a. m. in the rooms of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. There will be an address of welcome by William J. Springborn, President of the Board of Public Service, representing the City of Cleveland, and a response on behalf of the association by President J. Horace McFarland. These addresses will be followed by one ''The Chamber of Commerce as a Factor in Civic Improvement'' by a prominent member of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. Next will follow ''One Year's Work, an Annual Review'' by Clinton Rogers Woodruff, of Philadelphia, First Vice-President, and the report of the association's Treasurer, William B. Howland, of New York. Then will come the report of the Nominating Committee and the election of officers.

Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock there will be a joint meeting of the Children's Garden, Public Recreation, School Extension, and Social Settlements departments of the association to discuss ''Improvement Work Among Children.'' Dick J. Crosby, of the United States Department of Agriculture and Vice-President of the association, will preside. The work of the Cleveland Home Gardening Association will be described by Starr Cadwallader, Secretary of the Detroit Board of Commerce, formerly Head Worker at the Goodrich House, Cleveland. ''Juvenile Civic League Work'' in Kalamazoo will be discussed by Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane; in New York, by Prof. William Chauncey Langdon, of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; in St. Louis, by Mayo Fesler, Secretary of the St. Louis Civic Improvement League. ''Social Settlements and Their Work Among Children'' will be the subject of an address by Graham R. Taylor, of Chicago, Associate Editor of ''The Commons,'' R. Taylor, of Chicago, Associate Editor of *The Commons*, and ''Play Grounds and Public Recreation'' of one by Joseph Lee, of Boston, Vice-President of the association. The afternoon program will be concluded by an illustrated address, ''Children's Gardens, the Educational Application,'' by Mr. Crosby.

Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock there will be addresses as follows: ''Cleveland's Contributions to Civic Advancement,'' by L. E. Holden, of Cleveland, President of the Plain Dealer Publishing Company. ''Recent Municipal Improvements'' (illustrated), by Frank Miles Day, of Philadelphia, member of the Executive Committee of the American Institute of Architects.

Thursday morning at 9:30 o'clock, with President McFarland in the chair, the program will include the following features: ''The Municipal Museum of Chicago,'' by Mrs. Lenora Austin Hamlin, of Chicago, Vice-President Social Settlement Department and Chairman of the Exhibition Committee of the Chicago Museum; ''The Public Library as a Factor in Civic Improvement,'' by Frederick M. Crunden, of St. Louis, Vice-President of Libraries and Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; ''Libraries as Civic Centers,'' illustrated address, by Theodore W. Kock, of Ann Arbor, Mich., Librarian of the University of Michigan, and ''Symposium on Ways and Means,'' limited to five minutes' addresses.

Thursday afternoon in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, there will be department meetings. The Woman's Outdoor Art League Department, with Mrs. Charles F. Milspaugh, of Chicago, presiding, will hear the report of its Treasurer, Mrs. William Howard Crosby, of Racine, Wis., and of its Secretary, Mrs. Roy H. Beebe, of Chicago. Then will follow the election of officers of the department and reports from branches as follows: Ashland (Wis.) branch, Mrs. A. W. Sanborn, President; Chicago branch, Mrs. William Frederick Grower, President; Los Angeles (Cal.) branch, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, President; Louisville (Ky.) branch, Mrs. John Simrall, President; Milwaukee (Wis.) branch, Miss Grace Young, President; Pekin (Ill.) branch, Mrs. Anna Schipper, President, and Waukegan (Ill.) branch, Mrs. N. J. Roberts, President. Mrs. Millspaugh will conclude the program with an address on ''The Outlook.'' At the same hour the ''Factory Betterment Department,'' with Mr. E. L. Shuey, of Dayton, Ohio, Vice-President of the association, in the chair, will hear a discussion of ''Welfare Work from the Employer's Standpoint,'' by E. F. Olmsted, of the Natural Food Company, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and of ''Welfare Work from the Employe's Standpoint,'' by a prominent representative of organized labor from Dayton, Ohio.

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